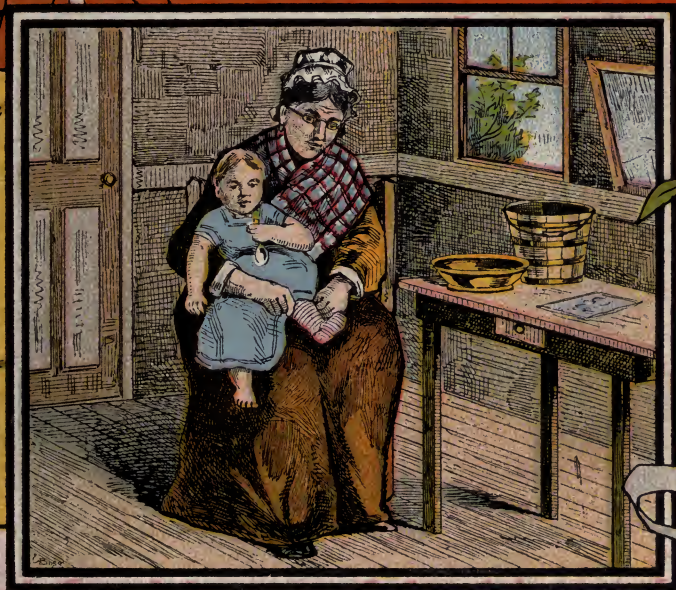


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GRANDMA'S PET



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GRANDMA'S PET.

This dear little baby is Grandma's Pet and Grandma always calls her Pet, but her real name is Louise. Grandma has just bathed her, and see how sweet she looks in her clean fresh gown. There is nothing in the world so sweet and pure as a young baby; don't they always remind you of Angels? Perhaps their white robes have something to do with this. Grandma thinks her little Pet a beauty, and every one thinks Louise is very pretty with her big brown eyes and pretty rosebud mouth; her nose though, is turned up to the sky, but maybe that is because she so lately left heaven; after awhile, when she has been on earth long enough, it will turn down, and I expect will be quite a handsome nose.

Grandma is so pleased because Louise is laughing her first laugh, and talking, but Grandma has to imagine



what she says, for old as she is, she cannot yet understand baby-talk; they have a language of their own, and the first thing they say is coo! coo! then after a while it will be pa-pa! or ma-ma! and in two or three years they can say most anything they try or want to.

Here is Louise, who is now about three years old, with her Mamma, who is telling her about her Grandma who has gone to the country to visit her son, who is Louise's Uncle. Mamma has just had a letter from Grandma, and she is telling Louise that when she is old enough, she will let her go to the country to visit Uncle Bob, and how nice it will be to see the little yellow chickens and ducks, and the cute little white pigs, and perhaps a little red calf. Louise don't seem to understand it very well, for all she wants is her Grandma, and Mamma is sorry she said anything about Grandma and her letter, for as soon as she did Louise commenced to cry and to say "me want danma, tell danma tum home."

The dear little thing does miss her Grandma so much. Mamma wrote and told her what her little pet said, and how she cried, and what do you think Grandma did? Why, she got Jerry, the hired man, to hitch up the carriage and take her to the station to meet the next train,

and reached home just as Louise was going to bed. Oh! how glad the little girl was, and Grandma said she would not go to Uncle Bob's again until her Pet was old enough to go with her.

One beautiful day in June, Louise was six years old; Uncle Bob was there to dinner that day, and ate a piece of the birthday-cake that had six little wax candles stuck in the icing. When he was eating the cake he said, "Grandma, I think Louise is old enough to leave her Papa and Mamma now, and come with you to the farm." Grandma asked Mamma what she thought about it; but, said Uncle Bob, why can't Mamma come too? but Mamma said she would rather go to New York with Papa, as he had to go just then on important business; so it was arranged that Grandma and Louise would go to Fernglen (for that was the name of the farm) the next day with Uncle Bob.

Louise was delighted and she and Grandma had great fun packing their trunks. Mamma said that Louise could pack her own trunk, which she did, and that night when Louise was asleep, she looked to see how it was packed, and was delighted to see how her darling child had done it. To be sure, she had gotten her own and





her dollie's clothes sadly mixed, but all were nicely folded and arranged in good order; and there on her little chair sat dollie all dressed in hat and linen duster, for her journey next day, looking quite comfortable, for dollies are not like children in being anyway particular as to what they wear.

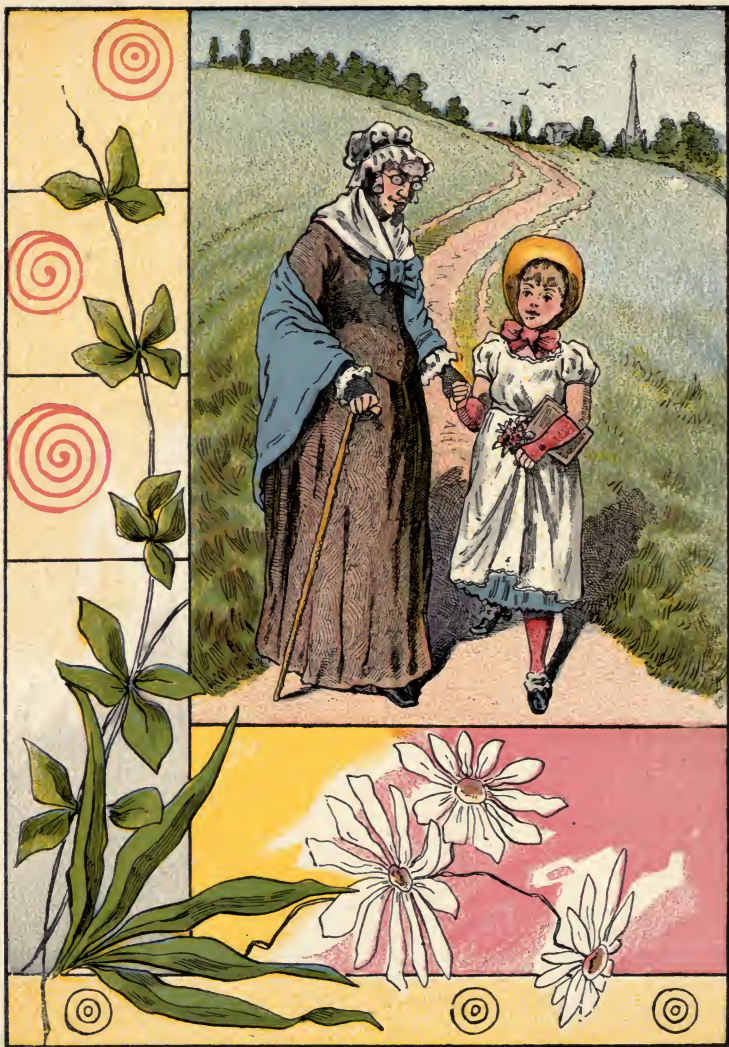
Louise waked early, and after saying her morning prayer, she ran to the window to see if it was bright or cloudy. The sun was shining brightly and Louise felt as happy as her little bird that was singing outside her window, where his cage was hung. Soon after breakfast, Grandma, Uncle Bob and Louise left in a carriage for the depot, and after a very pleasant ride of a few hours in the cars, they arrived at the station near Uncle Bob's farm, and there was Jerry the hired man with the carriage, and they were soon at Fernglen, and Louise was running around making friends with all the dumb creatures on the place. She had not been there an hour, before she and Nero, the big Newfoundland dog, were fast friends, and their friendship lasted all their lives.

Jerry gave her corn to feed to the chickens, and she thought it great fun to see them scramble for the grains.

All day she was busy running around, and last of all, she went with Jerry to see him milk the cows; he let her try it, but she could not make the long white streams come like he did, and was in a hurry too, for she was afraid the cow might kick, or step on her toes. At last she returned to the house, and she and Grandma went to bed, for Grandma was tired too, and said they would pretend they were chickens and go to bed with the sun.

Next morning, Jerry said he would make her a little garden, and see what she could raise in it. He marked off a nice piece of ground where the soil was soft, and gave her lettuce, raddish and onion-seeds, and a few potatoes to plant in one half of the garden, and the other half was for flowers. Whoever you are that reads this story, did you ever have a garden? Perhaps you did, but I doubt if you could have enjoyed it as much as little Louise did hers. Many happy hours she spent digging, weeding and watering this spot, and even Jerry was surprised to see things grow so well. One day they had all three of her vegetables for dinner, while a bouquet graced the center of the table.

Uncle Bob said the flowers were beautiful, but this



was not the first time he had flowers from her garden ; many small sprays had been worn in his button-hole, and several times Louise had taken a bunch when going to the village church with Grandma. How Louise enjoyed that walk on Sabbath afternoons ; it was then that the minister spoke especially to the children, and spoke in language that they could understand, and to Louise it was very interesting. Then there were two little children, a girl and a boy, who sang so sweetly, it was a great pleasure to hear them.

Last of all came the walk home across the meadows, Grandma holding her little Pet's hand, and in this way, Louise spent one of the happiest summers of her life.

